Come ſhall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, prisoners*

*Rat*. Come bring forth the priſoners.

*Riu*. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou ſhalt behold a ſubiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

*Gray*. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

*Riu*. O *Pomfert, Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
*Richard* the ſecond heere was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

*Gray*. Now *Margrets* curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

*Riu*. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*, O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

*Rat*. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out,

*Riu*. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt*.

*Enter the Lords to counſell.*

*Haſt*. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſay when is this royall day?

*Buc*. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

*Dar*. It is, and yet in nomination.

*Biſh*. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

*Buc*. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke?

*Biſh*. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know (his mind.

*Buc*. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,





Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in loue.

*Haſt*. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my Lord may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

*Biſh*. Now in good time heere comes the Du

*Enter Glocester.*

*Glo*. My noble Lord, and couſens all good
I haue beene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue beene conc

*Buc*. Had not you come vpon your kew m
*William L. Haſtings* had now pronounſt your
I meane your voyce from Crowning of the Kin

*Glo*. Then my *L. Haſtings*, no man might b
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me we

*Haſt*. I thanke your grace.

*Glo*. My Lord of *Elie*.

*Biſh*. My Lord.

*Glo*. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberies in you Garden there,
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

*Biſh*. I goe my Lord.

*Glo*. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with yo
*Catesby* hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe
And finds the teſty Gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of *Englands* Throane.

*Buc*. Withdraw you hence my *L*. Ile follow y

*Dar*. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.*

*Biſh*. Where is my *L. Protector*, I haue ſent for